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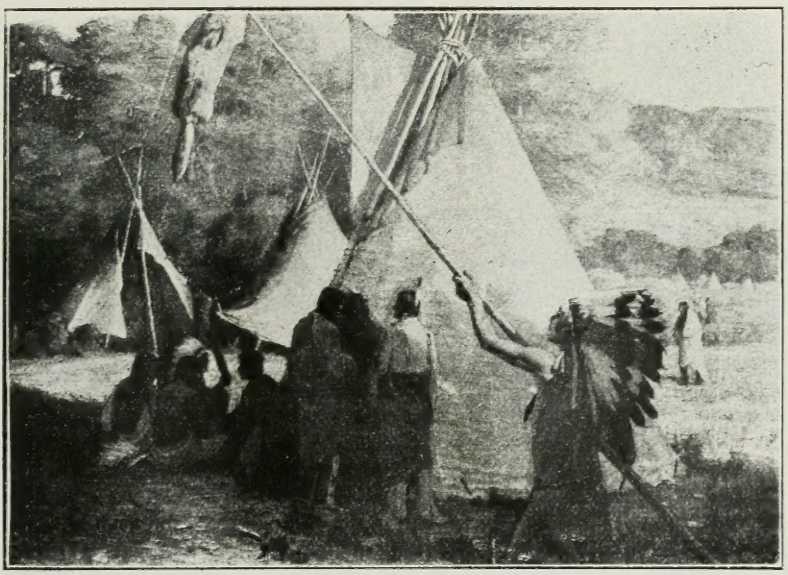
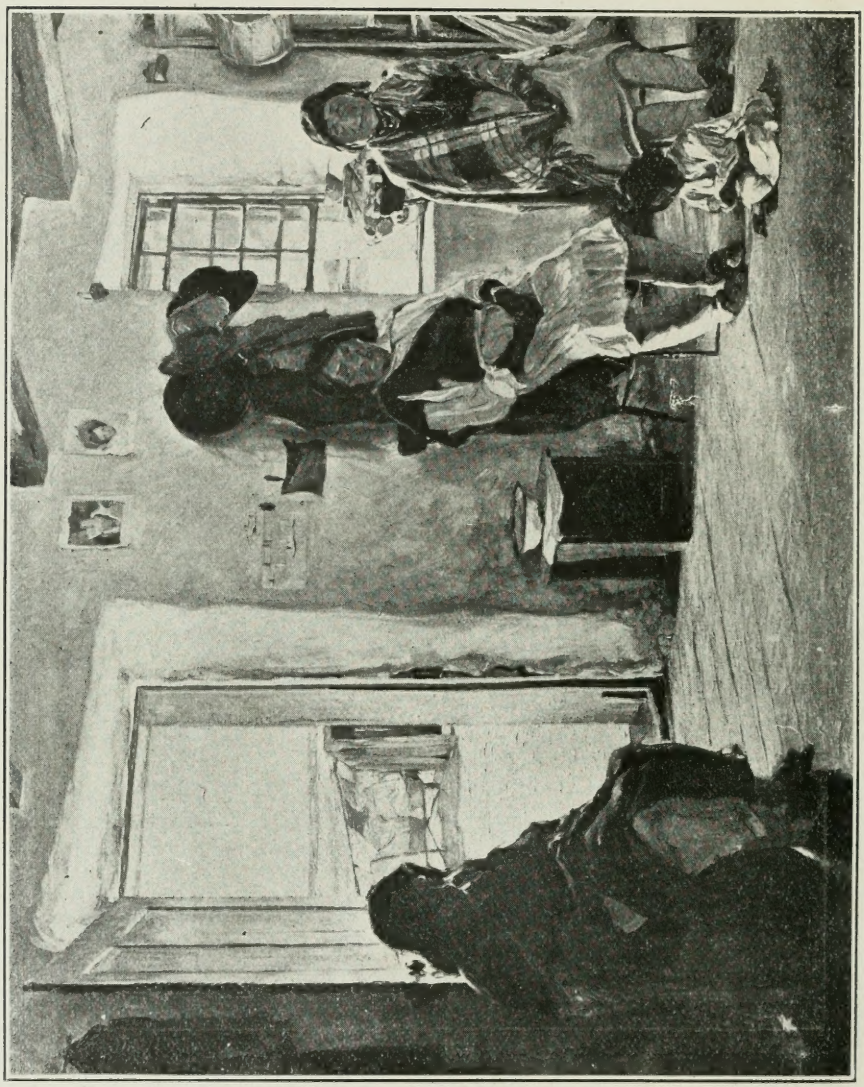


THE SIGNAL

By J. H. Sharp



A LAGUNA INTERIOR—By Walter Ufer

INDIAN MUSIC

By Frances Densmore

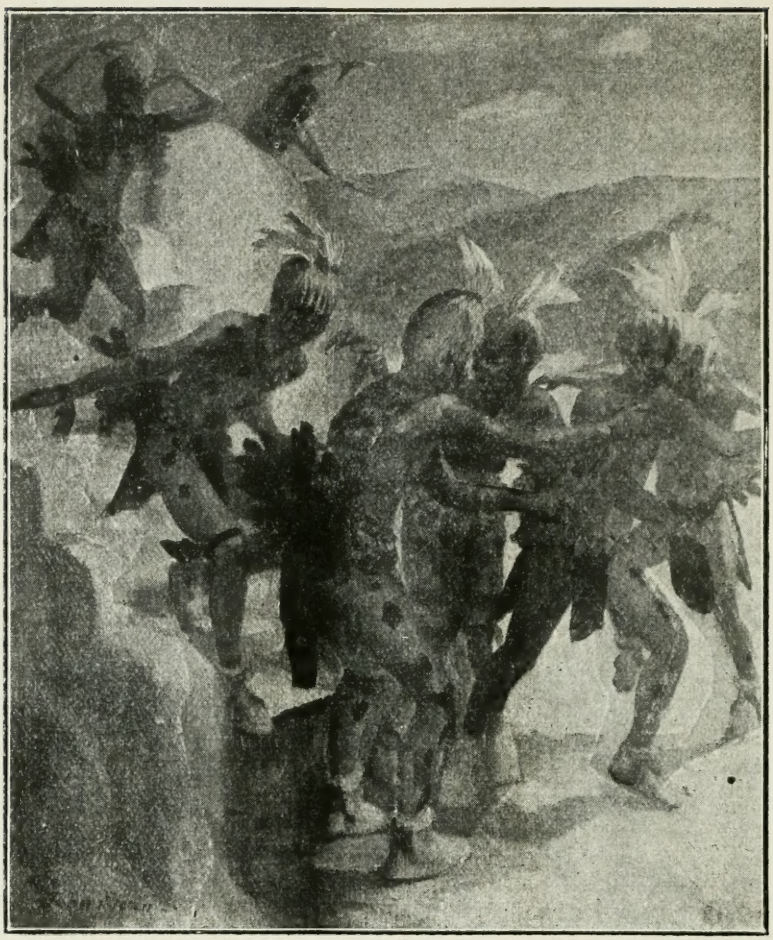
ONE great difficulty in the study of Indian music is that people expect it to be somewhat like the music of the white race. People sometimes say that Indians have no music because their music is not like that to which we are accustomed. It is natural for us to take as a basis that with which we are familiar, so we will begin our consideration of Indian music with a few words about the music of the white race. We will ask two questions, "Why do white people sing?" and "What do white people sing about?" Then we will ask, "Why do Indians sing?" and "What do Indians sing about?"

You know enough about the music of the white race to have some idea of why we sing. Individuals sing when they are happy or sad, and when many people are together, their singing gives expression to their thoughts and feelings and unites them in thought. Singing in religious meetings or public gatherings is an expression of feeling. At the present time, there are held what are called "Community Sings," with the idea that if people sing together it will make them feel more friendly toward each other. Chorus singing formed an important feature of life in the Army camps. Among the white people there is also music as an art, including solo or chorus singing and instrumental music, such as solos on various instruments and orchestral and band music. Our second question is "What do white people sing about?" It is said that more than half onr songs are about love; next in popularity are songs of pleasure in spring, or in the songs of birds with, of course, many other subjects; we have also our hymns and patriotic songs. You see that all these contain an expression of thought or feeling.

Some white people think that Indian music is a free expression of feeling, and that the Indians "pour out their hearts in song," but that is not the Indian way of doing things. People who are better informed concerning the Indians know they have ceremonial songs that are handed down for generations, and that if a mistake is made in the public singing of one of these songs, the singer is punished and his part of the ceremony must be done over again. Some say that the Indians have only one tune, or at most, two or three tunes. People tell me this is surely true because they have listened to a dance for a whole evening, but you and I know that one Indian ceremony may have hundreds of songs.

For more than thirteen years I have been studying the music of the American Indian under the auspices of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The method of work is as follows: I take a phonograph to the Indian reservation, record the songs from old, reliable singers and transcribe them as nearly as possible in musical notation, then classify and analyze them by a system which I have devised for the purpose. I write down all available information about the origin and use of the songs and make a study of the native musical instruments. You will note that I have thus far used the word "Indian," but tribes differ. They differ in disposition, and part of my work is to find how they differ in their music. I have studied the music of seven tribes, the Chippewa, Sioux (Dakota), Mandan, Hidatsa, Ute, Pawnee and Papago. One object of the work is to preserve the old songs and another is to find in exactly what respects the music of these tribes is alike and in what respects it is different.

We will now return to our questions and



ANCESTRAL SPIRITS

By John Sloan

ask them with reference to the Indians. First, "Why do Indians sing?" The most interesting reason is to produce a definite result. You will remember that is not among the reasons why white people sing. Music is not the only means which the Indian uses in producing certain results, but it is considered absolutely necessary. Songs of this kind are sung by medicine men and are said to be received in dreams or trances. No one could sit down and make up a song that would have magic power. It has to come through hard work and a man must suffer much to get it. We can learn a lesson from the old medicine men who believed they must work for anything that was worth while. A medicine man had to work all the time to keep up his power, or it would leave him. The rules of his life were very strict and he lived up to them. Such were the men who instructed the fathers of the present

generation of Indians and by their teachings the old Indians were able to make a living in the desert, to fight their enemies and to carry on their tribal affairs.

Many and various were the effects said to have been produced by singing in connection with certain acts of the medicine man. First and most important was the curing of the sick. The Indians had different songs for different illnesses. There were songs to cure a fever, a cold, or a broken arm. They had songs for every sort of illness and would never use the song of one illness when trying to cure another. A Dakota medicine man sang many of these songs for me and gave me the herb that he used with each song, saying that neither would be effective without the other. In another tribe I found not only special songs but special ways of singing them. Songs for certain diseases were sung louder than others and one kind of a song was always sung with a drawling tone. People knew how the doctor ought to sing each kind of song. You see that Indian doctors had to be very good singers, not so much in the quality of their voices as in the number of their songs, and in their ability to get songs in dreams. The use of music in treating the sick is being developed by white people, but is, I think, limited to nervous and mental disorders. It was tried during the war when music soothed or cheered the soldiers in the hospitals. Note the difference in the way the races arrive at the use of music in the relation to the sick. The Indian says he "receives the songs and instructions for their use in a dream," the white people experiment, write down results and print them, and after a time, the result is put in practical form and generally accepted. This is a difference in race, caused partly by natural temperament and partly by manner of life.

Cure of the sick was not the only result attained by the aid of song. I have recorded songs to secure success in hunting, to make the enemy stupid so the warriors could safely attack them, songs for rain, for good crops, for luck in games, and songs to enable a medicine man to locate lost cattle or persons or objects. Not all the results were good. There were "charm songs" or "magic songs" that produced bad results and among these were "love charm songs," which were said to "make a man crazy." The good people of the tribe did not approve of these songs, for their purpose was bad.

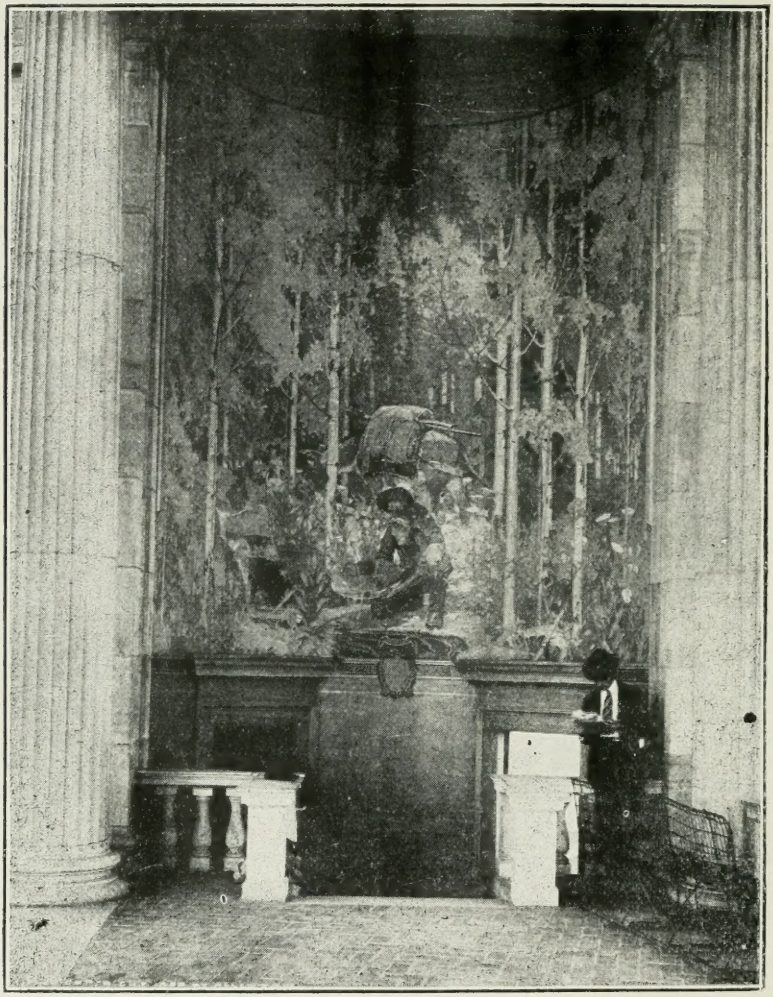
Our second question is, "What do Indians sing about?" Probably the most important subject of their songs was what they saw in their dreams. These songs were frequently concerning animals which a man saw in his dream. Among the Sioux I recorded a song with the words:

"Northward they are walking,
A sacred stone they touch,
They are walking."

The man who received this song had seen the buffalo in his dream and therefore was entitled to join the Buffalo society, composed of men who had had similar dreams. It is customary for white people to sing songs that express the feelings of lovers but this does not appear to have been customary among the old Indians. In one tribe after another I have asked the old people whether love songs were sung when they were young, and sometimes they are slightly offended. They tell me that the kind of love song that "talks so much," did not come into use until the old, strict customs began to be broken down. Of course, I cannot speak about tribes that I have not studied, but I will tell you what has been told me in these tribes. The Chippewa told me that love songs were modern. I recorded several Chippewa love songs and they were especially sweet and plaintive melodies, but they were said to be modern. In the old days the marriages were arranged by the parents of the young people. This is expressed in a song which was recorded by the daughter of a chief in northern Wisconsin, who learned it from her mother. The words are:

"I am asking for Bugac's daughter,
My big brass kettle he is giving."

A brass kettle was among the first and



THE TRAPPER

By Allen True

(Denver's Civic Center)

most highly prized articles that the Chippewas received from the trader, and this was undoubtedly a great inducement. The Sioux told me that in old times the only kind of love songs were about the matter of whether a young man was rich enough to marry. The following can scarcely be called a love song in the popular sense of the term, but it was said to be very old. The words are:

"You may go on the war path,
When I hear your name announced
among the victors,
Then I will marry you."

It was said that a young Sioux went to war believing that the girl he hoped to marry was untrue to him. The report was false, but he went with the warriors. Before a fight he said he hoped he would be killed and sang a song with these words:

"When you reach home, tell her.
Long before then I will have finished."

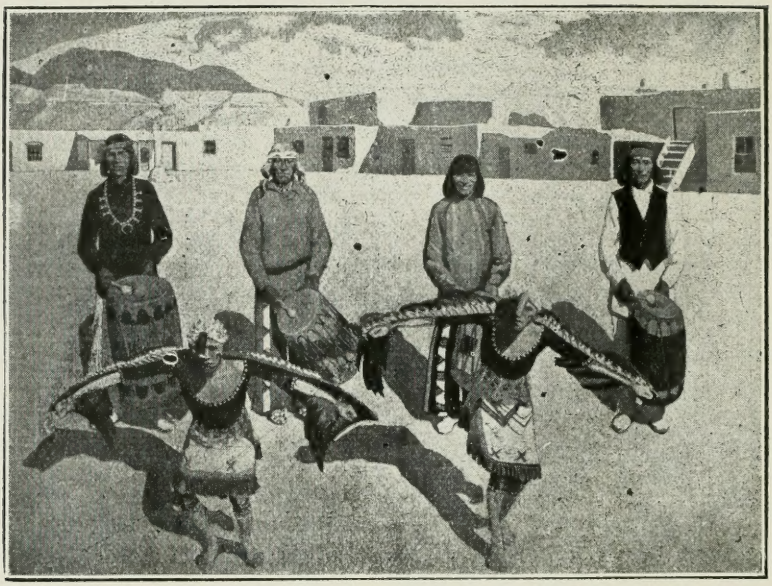
You see that this song expresses affection, but is not a love song in the white people's use of the term. A chief of the Pawnee said that courting songs were sung only by a band of Pawnee that had worked for white people near a town.

The Papago said that in old times they had songs like the "love charm songs" I have mentioned, but they were considered dangerous, and if a man sang them too much, they had a medicine man come and treat him so that he would stop. Most of the tribes I have studied had a "flute" (flageolet) that a young man played on the hills or around the edge of the village in the evening. He did it to please the girls or perhaps one girl, but she sat inside the lodge and pretended not to hear it.

Indians had no patriotic songs, because they were not united as a nation. Some songs mentioned the name of the tribe, but not as we say "America." Instead, they praised chiefs and successful warriors, putting their names in a song. Indians celebrated their victories in song more than white people do, often describing a battle or telling about the expedition. Sometimes they took out the name of one man and put in another, as though we had a song about Dewey and after the late war we took out Dewey's name and put in that of Pershing. If a man heard his name in a song he was expected to come forward and give a present to the singers, for instance, a song might contain the words: "Two Bears is very generous, he always gives us something." It is easy to guess what Two Bears did when he heard this song. Indians had more dancing songs than white people because they danced for so many reasons. We dance for pleasure, but they danced not only for pleasure but in connection with their solemn ceremonies. It is remarkable to learn how many kinds of dances the old people had, each with its own step. Of course, few dance songs are being made up now because the younger Indians have something better to do. Among the Sioux, I recorded dance songs believed to be from fifty to one hundred and fifty years old and others that were less than fifty years old, and on comparing the two classes I found differences in the structure of the songs that suggest the influence of the changed manner of Indian life. One difference is that the compass of the modern song is smaller and the rhythm more regular. Mention should be made of the "wailing" songs that follow the burial of the dead, and of the ceremonial songs which are too extensive for present consideration.

In every tribe I find songs that were sung for the entertainment of children. These are usually connected with stories and the singing is supposed to be done by animals. The stories usually contain a useful lesson for it was the Indian custom to amuse the children and instruct them at the same time. There are also songs of children's games and every tribe has it's lullaby which the mother sings to the baby.

The songs of the white people, as you know, are printed in books or sheet music, and on the cover is the name of the composer and the name of the publisher. White people learn music from these printed pages. There is nothing exactly like this in the music of the Indian, yet one tribe has a way of recording songs for those who understand the method. The songs are those of the Chippewa Grand Medicine Society and are recorded by means of pictures that represent the words of the song. The pictures are usually drawn on birchbark and any one who knows the song will recognize the picture. The words are concerning the customs or beliefs of the Grand Medicine Society. Frequently they mention shells or animals that live in the water.



THE EAGLES AT SAN ILDEFONSO

By Louise Crow

In order to test the accuracy of this system, I secured songs and their pictures on one reservation, then took the phonograph to another reservation and played the record of the song, asking an old Chippewa to draw the proper picture. He drew the same picture that had been drawn on the first reservation. I also showed the picture, and without hesitation the Indian sang the same song which had been previously recorded. This test included three reservations and a considerable number of singers, more than one hundred of these songs and pictures being obtained. The picture, of course, did not represent the melody which had to be retained in the memory.

If a man received a song in a dream it was known as his song. In some instances he was willing to have others learn it and would teach it to the singers at a dance; in other instances he kept the right to sing his own song and people would not dare sing it though they might know it from hearing him sing it; in still other instances the man would teach the song if he were paid. From these various instances you will see how unsafe it is to generalize about Indian music. There is always something new and unexpected which shows us that the study of Indian music is a very wide and deep subject. It was quite expensive to learn some kinds of Indian songs. Often the price of a song was a horse, blanket or a gun and there were songs that a father would not teach to his son without payment. As already stated, the song which a man received in a dream was known as his song and the Indians gave him credit for the song though he had been dead for many years, saying for example, "This song belonged to Lone Wolf, who died about ten years ago." Songs learned from another tribe are also credited to the tribe. This giving of credit for the

origin of a song takes the place of a copyright among white people.

I have not spoken of the peculiarities of the songs. Chief among these are the importance of rhythm and the descending trend. These peculiarities are common to all the tribes I have studied. The varied length of the "measures," is shown by the accented notes. In transcribing a song, I write down the notes and mark those that are accented. On counting the time between these accented tones, I often find that the distances are uneven, many songs containing measures in 2—4, 3—4, 5—8 time, or occasional measures 3—8 or 7—8 time. These measures are repeated in exactly the same time though the song may be sung five, six or ten times. A good Indian singer repeats a song very accurately. I have tested this by having a song recorded at intervals of several days or months. For instance, I secured records from an old Indian in October and again in the following March; the records were identical not only in tempo and note values, but also in pitch. I have tested the individuality of a song by having it recorded by several singers.

The Indians have standards of good singing as well as white people, though their manner of singing is entirely different. White people open their mouths to sing but Indians keep the mouth almost closed, the tone being formed by a peculiar action of the throat. It is surprising to hear how clearly they enunciate sixteenth and thirtysecond notes. Their voices are loud and many singers cultivate a tremulo tone. Chippewa love songs are sung with a nasal sound not used in any other songs. Drums and rattles are the principal native instruments and each is used with a certain kind of song.

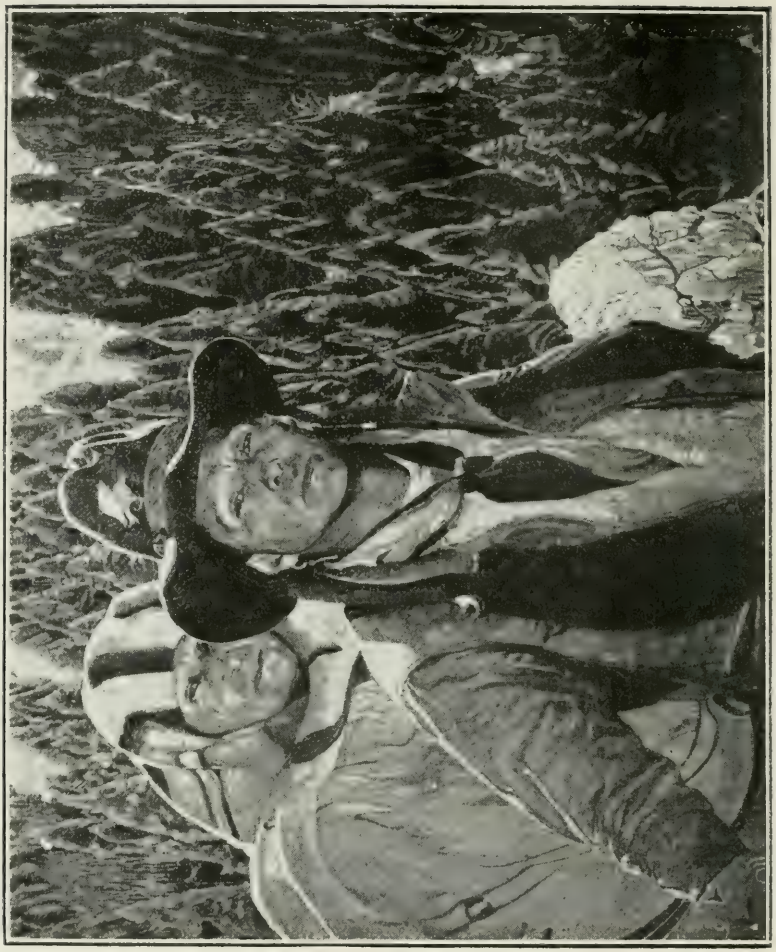
The result of my work is printed by the Bureau of American Ethnology and copies of the books are available to those who are especially interested. Three books have already been issued, two on the music of the Chippewa and one on the music of the Sioux. A book on Northern Ute Music is now in the press and one on Mandan and Hidatsa Music is ready for publication. Books on Pawnee Music and Papago Music are in preparation. Songs which I have collected have been used by many composers and arranged for voice, violin, piano, and orchestra. Personally, I consider the orchestra as the best means of presenting Indian music as it gives opportunity for extended thematic development and the harmony is divided among many instruments.

Indian songs are rapidly passing away with the necessary passing of the old customs. You are Americans, part of the great American nation, and as such you must take up the life and customs of American citizens. Your responsibility is for the future, but your respect is still due to the past, to the best in the teachings, life and customs of that fine, ancient race, the North American Indian.

WORK IN THE FIELD

Excavating Pueblo Bonito.

Neil Judd, formerly of the staff of the School of American Research, was in Santa Fe on May 4th on his way to the Chaco Canyon, where he will have charge of exploration and excavation for the National Geographical Society. The work is to be on a larger scale than any as yet undertaken in the Southwest. The excavation of the Pueblo Bonito begun several years ago and then abandoned, is to be completed and the building in part restored. The ruin of the Pueblo del Arroyo near by is also to be excavated. Both sites are near Chettro Kettle, the great community house the excavation of which was inaugurated by the School of American Research last year, with significant results that have already been published in part. The Geographical Society, on recommendation of Sylvanus G. Morley, also formerly with the School of American Research, is planning a five years campaign. Mr. Judd has been granted a leave of absence by the Bu-



EL HIJO

By E. L. Blumenschein, A. N. A.

reau of American Ethnology in order to do this work, and will have as his assistant Mr. Earl Morris also formerly with the School of American Research but of late with the American Museum of Natural History, for which he excavated the ruins at Aztec. Mr. Judd will employ mostly Pueblos from Zuni in his work, but expects also to have a small number of Navajoes employed. He will make Gallup his headquarters. There is a report of the probability of a third expedition undertaking to excavate one of the other large community houses in the Chaco Canyon, which is a National Monument, and which the National Parks Service intends to feature in its publications in the future, bringing many tourists to that part of the Navajo Reservation.

Concession in Palestine.

The Pennsylvania University Museum has received from the Government of Palestine a concession to excavate the ruins of Beisan, the ancient Beth-shan of the Bible. Clarence S. Fisher, who conducted the Museum's work in Egypt, goes to Palestine this month by way of Egypt.

ART IN NEW MEXICO

THE beginning of a distinctive art movement in New Mexico dates back a quarter of a century. It is true that even before that time, painters in passing through had caught a note of the landscape and the spirit of the country, but it was not until in the 90's that there located at Taos within easy walking distance of the great pyramid community houses, several artists who brought to the world at large a message of the southwestern desert that was as striking as it was novel. Among the pioneers was Frank Sauerwin who passed away in comparative poverty and obscurity, Bert Phillips, J. H. Sharp, Irving E. Couse, N. A., Ernest L. Blumenschein, A. N. A., all of them still members of the Society of Taos Artists, were also among the pioneers who made the Pueblo life and the New Mexico landscape their theme. To these were added in time, O. E. Berninghaus, W. Herbert Dunton, and others. In later years there came a greater influx until the list of artists who have painted at Taos includes fully two score names and among them such distinguished men as Walter Ufer, A. N. A., Victor Higgins, A. N. A., Burt Harwood, Maurice Sterne, and others who have gained fame with their canvasses exhibited in the eastern art centers and who have been awarded some of the most coveted prizes of the art world. A decided impetus and broadening of the New Mexico art field was given by the erection and dedication of an art gallery in connection with the Museum of New Mexico and School of American Research at Santa Fe. It was there that men of such standing as Robert Henri, George Bellows, John Sloan, Leon Kroll, Gustave Baumann, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, drew other artists who built themselves studios and organized the Santa Fe Art Club, which in a way is a counterpart to the Society of Taos Artists, although less inclined to restrict its membership to a chosen few. Thus it came about that some two score artists have produced work closely associated with Santa Fe. With Taos and Santa Fe as centers, there was a gradual widening of the field sought by the artists who came to the Southwest from the east and the middle west. They visited the other Indian pueblos of the Rio Grande Valley as well as Laguna, Acoma and Zuni. Some of them dwelt more or less time in Albuquerque, Raton and other places, but still looking to Taos and Santa Fe as the home and center of the southwestern art activities.

It is characteristic of this art movement that it finds expression not only in one school but in a very broad scope of technique. There are represented among the men who paint the Pueblo, Navajo and Apache, academicians as well as the most advanced of the moderns. It is worthy of note to say the least, that practically each man has retained an individuality and has worked out a technique that differs from that of his fellows who find the same theme both in figure, landscape and genre. Thus there are exhibited in adjoining alcoves of the beautiful Museum of Santa Fe the work of men like Couse and Nordfeldt, Sharp and Burlin, Ufer and Davey, Phillips and Murk, Berninghaus and Sloan, Dunton and Bellows, Younghusband and Bakos, Rollins and Schuster, and a host of others. A list of those who have exhibited in the Museum since its dedication in Thanksgiving week, 1918, comprises 80 names of artists who have painted in New Mexico, many of them well known and most of them distinguished in the art world. Among the women painters have been such as Grace Ravlin, Doris Rosenthal, Olive Rush, Helen Dunlap, Louise Crow, Katherine Dudley, Alice

TESUQUE

By George Bellows

EL PALACIO

VOL. X. JUNE 15, 1921. NOS. 13--14.

PAUL A. F. WALTER, EDITOR

Klauber, H. Margaret George, Gladys V. Mitchell, Mrs. Walter Ufer, the Misses McChord, Ethel Coe, Eva Springer, and a dozen or so others.

The scope of this article will not permit more than mere mention of some of the more prominent names of those who have lately exhibited in addition to members of the staff, which include Sheldon Parsons, the art curator, Kenneth M. Chapman and Carlos Vierra. Many of those named have remembered the Museum with fine canvasses from their brush, making them a gift to the people of New Mexico. The list includes Robert Henri, John Sloan, Julius Rolshoven, Paul Burlin, W. E. Rollins, J. H. Sharp, Walter Ufer, Grace Ravlin, Irving E. Couse, Wm. Penhallow Henderson, Bert Phillips, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Marsden Hartley, F. Sacha, E. L. Blumenschein, O. E. Berninghaus, W. Herbert Dunton, Arthur Musgrave, Victor Higgins, A. L. Groll, Allen T. True, Gustave Baumann, Birger Sandzen, Miss Katherine Dudley, Miss Louise Crow, J. H. Bakos, W. E. Murk, Gerald Cassidy, G. C. Stanson, the late Donald Beauregard, to whom a memorial galleny is dedicated and who was the creator of the murals in the auditorium, which were completed by Kenneth M. Chapman and Carlos Vierra, J. Martin Hennings, Alice Klauber, Olive Rush, Ethel Coe, Henry Balink, Edgar S. Cameron, Lee F. Hersch, Leon Kroll, Ralph Myers, the Misses McChord, Arthur F. Musgrave, Miss Doris Rosenthal, Mrs. Walter Ufer, Theodore Van Soelen, Leon Gaspard, Randall Davey, Will

Schuster, Gladys V. Mitchell, Fremont Ellis, Miss M. M. Bailey, E. G. Eisenloehr, H. Margaret George and many others.

The policy of the Museum management has been a very liberal one. It has given exhibit spaces free of charge to every one who was earnestly and sincerely striving to express himself on canvass. The Director of the Museum, Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, has formulated the policy as follows:

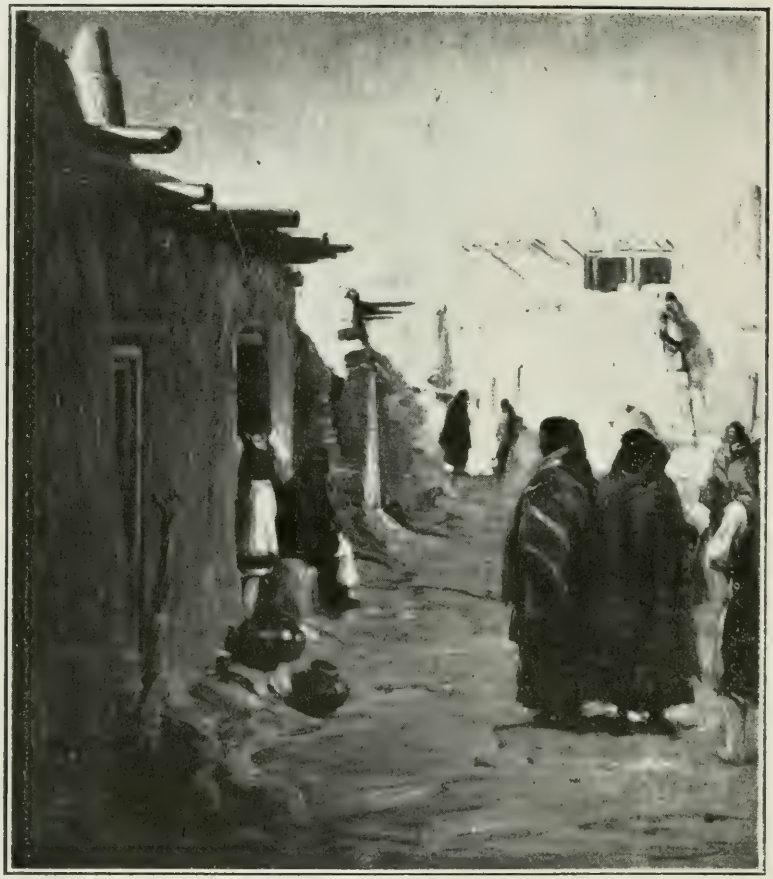
"Most remarkable has been the experience of the New Art Museum in Santa Fe. It may be doubted if any other part of America affords a parallel to the art activity of New Mexico at the present time. If the Art Museum of the School has been a stimulus to this in any way it has likewise been a beneficiary of it to an extent that makes it difficult for the institution to repay its obligation to the artists. So generous have they been in the exhibition of their canvasses that the galleries are never without interesting displays of recent work.

"The people of New Mexico have a priceless opportunity. Here passes before their eyes from day to day and year to year a panorama of the esthetic efforts of a characteristic group of artists whose works are challenging the interest of the whole country. The Museum extends its privileges to all who are working with a serious purpose in art. It endeavors to meet their needs for a place of exhibition and as far as possible offers studio facilities, as tables are furnished to visiting writers, laboratories to scientists and the library to readers and investigators. The artist is the judge of the fitness of his work for presentation to the public to the same extent that the speaker is who occupies our platform. Both are conceded perfect freedom of expression within the limits of common propriety.

"The Museum seeks to reflect what is passing in the minds of the artists who are working in this environment. It wants to put before the public in the most favorable light possible a view of the art that is being produced in the Southwest, to promote education in art by affording an opportunity to see all phases of modern work. The Museum thus becomes a forum for free artistic and intellectual expression, and must accurately reflect the cultural progress of our time.

"If Modernism, Ultra-Modernism, Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Expressionism or any other phase of esthetic endeavor appears to predominate in the exhibitions at any given time it is merely an evidence of an exuberance which no one will condemn but on the contrary will sincerely welcome. Whether it lasts or not will probably depend upon its spiritual soundness. The casual likes and dislikes and prejudices of individuals affect the matter but little. Out of this strong flow of impressions, emotions, strivings, of men and women, who are painting and writing in New Mexico there will come the pictures, songs, poems, and dramas that will immortalize the strength, beauty, and life of our Southwest. It is a noble service. Time is the sure test of art. The average individual merely likes what he knows at the present, which is little enough, and time is required for education. Especially should the expressions of the spiritual life, painting, poetry, music, sculpture, be given the most cordial hearing with every benefit that time affords for the development of understanding on our part.

"America is eminent in material ways, and poor in esthetic culture. Therefore it would seem that particular encouragement should be extended to the workers in the field of creative esthetics. Our hope is to hold out such a hospitable welcome that artists and writers and scientists will continue to find in Santa Fe a congenial home. That this has been partly realized was voiced by Robert Henri in a personal letter in which he says in speaking of Santa Fe: 'Here



IN PUEBLO LAND

By Gerald Cassidy

painters are treated with that welcome and appreciation that is supposed to exist only in certain places in Europe.' If anything occurs to mar that happy impression it will not in any sense express the feeling of the people of Santa Fe. It is their desire to become as favorably known for their intellectual tolerance as they have long been for their domestic hospitality. Santa Fe is beginning to enjoy preeminence in some enviable ways. It is sometimes spoken of as the intellectual capital of the Southwest—to its region what Alexandria was at its age. This is high distinction, which to maintain calls for toleration and generosity and genuine friendly interest in all the efforts that are contributing to this good fortune."—Director Edgar L. Hewett in his Annual Report for 1920.

ART EXHIBIT AT SALT LAKE CITY

The following is the list of paintings representative of New Mexico art and artists which will be on exhibit during the National Convention of the Federation of Womens Clubs at Salt Lake City June 13th to 18th:

Taos Society of Artists.

Berninghaus, O. E.:
- People of Taos.
- Baseball Game, Taos.

Blumenschein, E. L., A. N. A.:
- New Mexico.
- Cottonwoods.

Davey, Randall:
- Indian Dog Dancer.

Dunton, W. Herbert:
- Sioux Winter Camp.
- Honey Moon.
- White Horse.

Henri, Robert, N. A.:
- Gregorita with Santa Clara Bowl.
- Little Indian Girl.
- Little New Mexico Maid.

Higgins, Victor, A. N. A.:
- Taos in Winter.
- The Grey Gate.

Nordfeldt, B. J. O.:
- Eagle Dance, Tesuque.

Phillips, Bert:
- The Chief Waits.

Sharp, Joseph Henry:
- Taos Mountain and Rabbit Brush.
- The Red Olla.

Sloan, John:
- The Matachina Dance.
- Harvest Dance.

Ufer, Walter, A. N. A.:
- Noon.
- Fructuation.
- Gathering Herbs.

Santa Fe Society of Artists.

Paintings by artists in Santa Fe and vicinity.

Bakos, Joseph:
- Pajarito Plateau.
- Rito de los Frijoles.

Burlin, Paul:
- Cattle at Rest.
- Sacristan of Trampas.

Baumann, Gustave, (Wood block prints):
- The Aspen Pool.
- Apple Blossoms.
- Aspens.
- Rio de Pecos.

Cassidy, Gerald:
- Desert Showers.
- Indian Trail.

Crow, Louise:
- The Black Mesa.
- The Red Pine.
- Agapito of San Ildefonso Pueblo.

Chapman, Kenneth, (Series of drawings):
- Study of Decorations from Pueblo Indian Pottery.

Davey, Randall:
- The Spanish Dancer.

Henderson, William Penhallow:
- Little Sister.
- Iris and Poppies.
- La Tienda Rosa.
- Snow, Santa Fe Canyon.

Kihn, Willard L., (Drawings in Polochrome Pencil):
- Juanita — Acoma Pueblo.
- Jose — Laguna Pueblo.
- Lucy — " "
- Maria — " "
- Angus BigTree — Casa Blanca Pueblo

Murk, W. E.:
- Aspens and Pines.

Nordfeldt, B. J. O.:
- Under the Portal.
- House in the Canyon.
- Hills and River.

Parsons, Sheldon:
- Winter, Santa Fe.
- March, Santa Fe.

SANTIAGO NARANJO

By Julius Rolshoven

The Golden Screen.
In the Foot Hills, Santa Fe.

Pearson, Ralph, (Etching):
Taos Pueblo.
Old Church at Ranchos de Taos.
Duran Chapel.
Talpa.
Card of Book Plates.

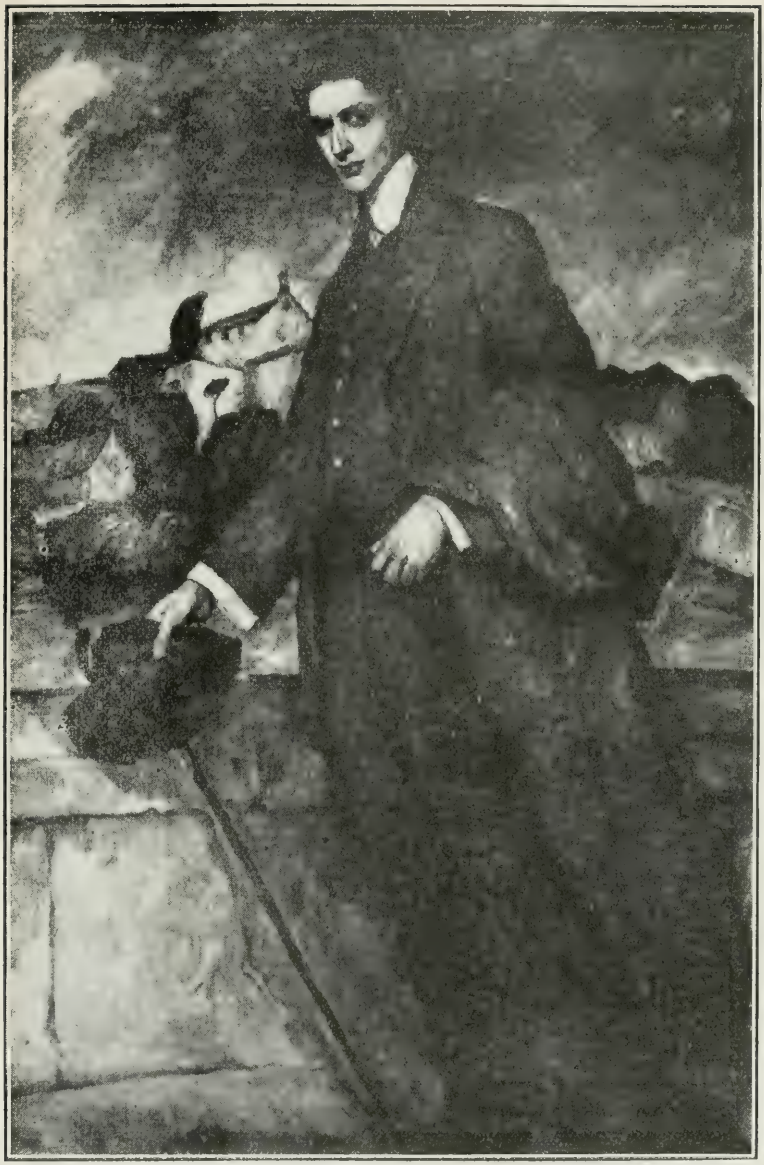
Phillips, Bert:
Musicians of the Baile.

Rollins, Warren E.:
Thrall of the Past.
Moonlight, Santa Fe.
Oraibi.

Rush, Olive:
The Visitor.

Sharp, J. H.:
Alberto.

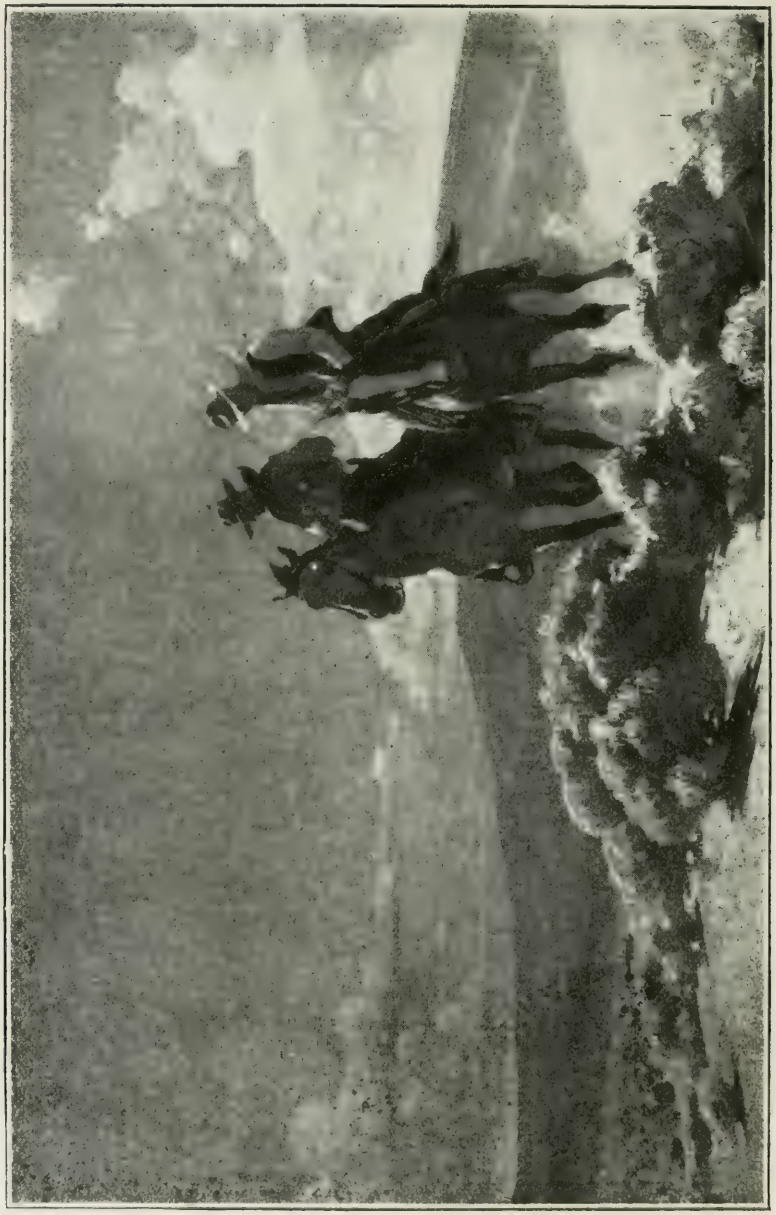
Schuster, Will:
The Pottery Maker.



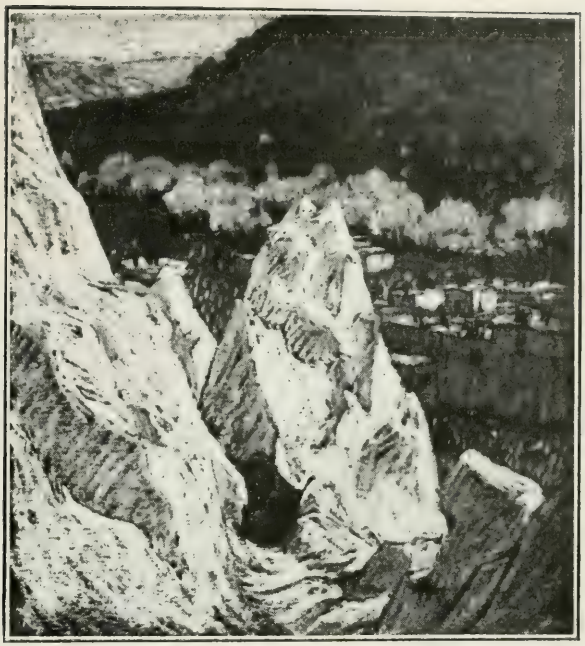
MY FRIEND

By the late Donald Beauregard

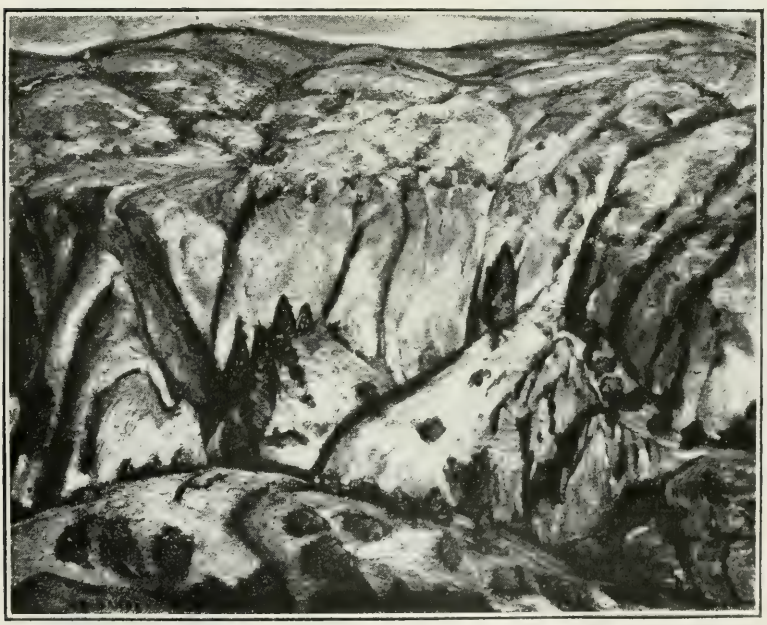
(In the Beauregard Memorial Gallery)



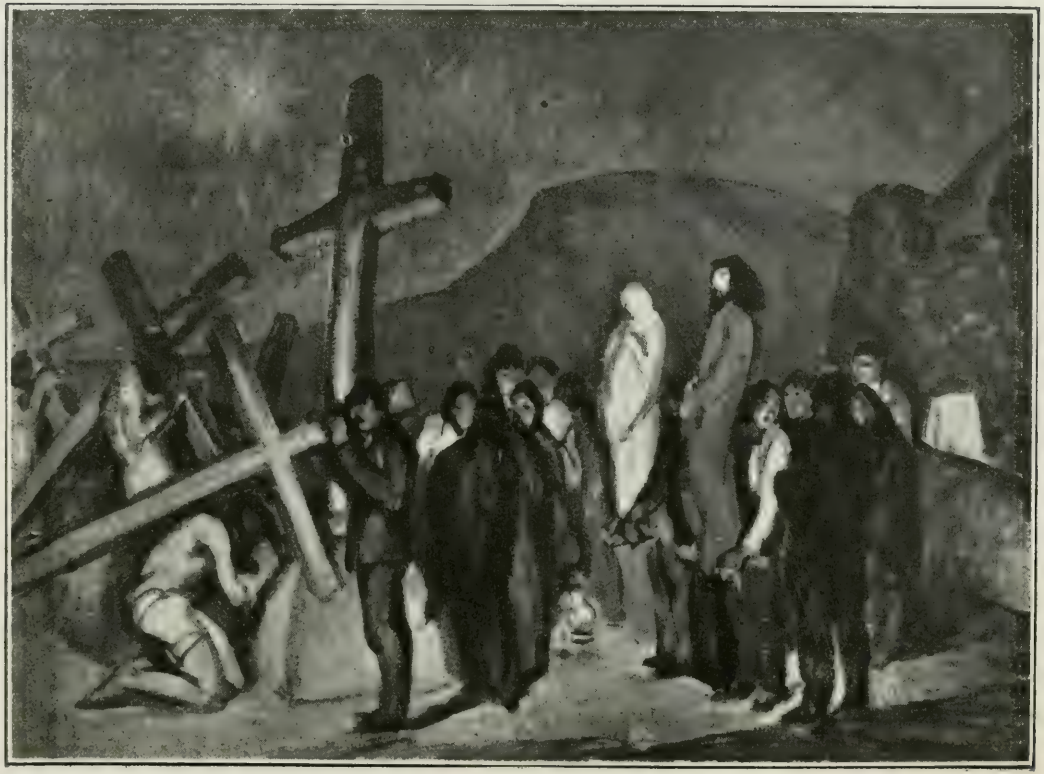
THE OPEN RANGE
By W. Herbert Dunton
(In Private Collection of Douglas Fairbanks, Hollywood, Cal.)



LAND OF THE ANCIENTS
By Gustave Baumann



EL RITO DE LOS FRIJOLES
By J. G. Backos

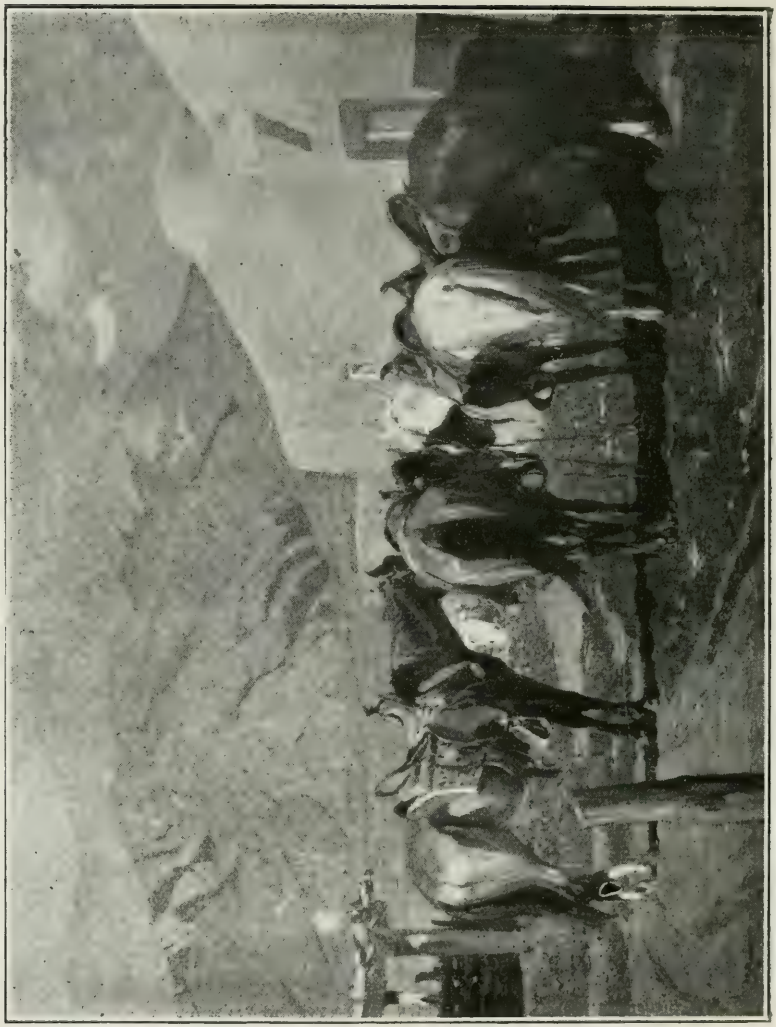


PENITENTE CEREMONY—GOOD FRIDAY EVENING

By William P. Henderson

THE ALTAR OF THE GODS

By W. E. Rollins

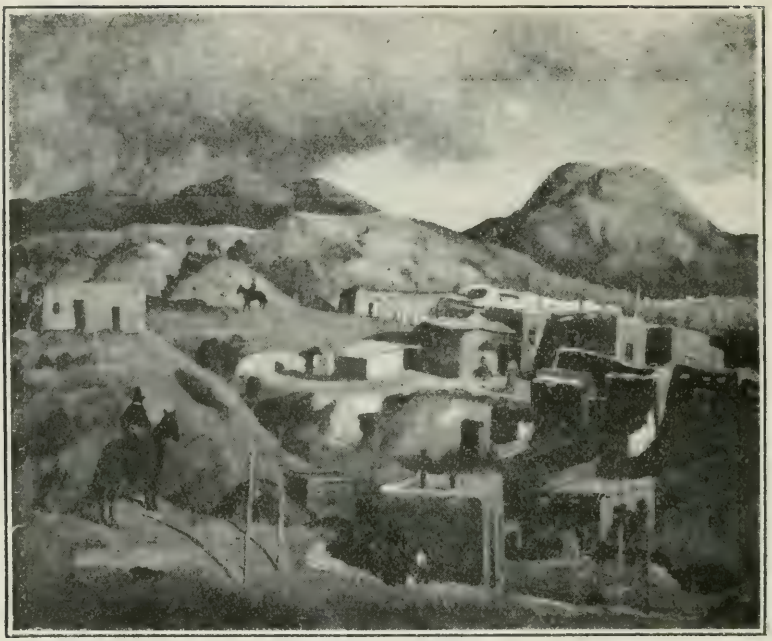


MEXICAN PONIES—TAOS
By O. E. Berninghaus

EL SANTO

By Marsden Hartley

(Property of the Museum)



THE LOMA
By Leon Kroll

SIEVING WHEAT
By Will Schuster

Mora.
Tempestuous Tiempo.
Vierra, Carlos:
Early Morning, Jemez Pueblo.

Water Color Drawings by Pueblo Indians.

Fred Kabotie:
Mountain Sheep Dance.
Ancient Peace Dance.
Awa-Tsireh:
Thunder Dance Procession.
Eagle Dance.
Velino Shije:
Buffalo Dance, Zia.

PERSONAL MENTION

Death of a Life Member.

Honorable Thomas B. Catron, formerly United States Senator from New Mexico, and who took an intense interest in the activities of the School of American Research and the Santa Fe Society of the Archaeological Institute, of which he was a life member, died on May 15th in his eighty-first year. Senator Catron was of scholarly tastes and a lover of art. His Santa Fe home was filled with many objects of artistic interest and for a short time he loaned to the Museum for exhibit a number of paintings from his collection. He also gave the Museum his library of Mexicana and New Mexicana, part of which had been known as the Fischer Library and had been purchased after a report on it by the late Adolph F. Bandelier.

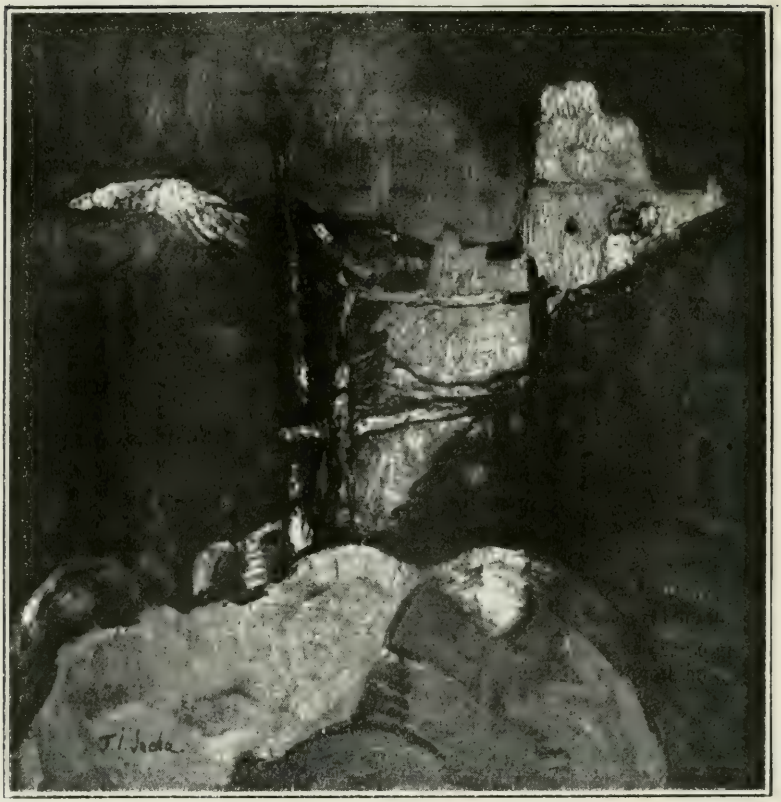
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

Murals by Burlin.

The decorations by Paul Burlin of the Santa Fe art circle in the residence of George A. Harris, New York City, are pictured and described in the most recent number of "The Arts." The article is by the editor of the magazine and the three panels reproduced in half tone are "Stone Age," "Rapsody" and "Awaking." In conclusion the editor says: "On the west side not far from the 96th street station of the subway there is a home which has much in it to interest the lover of modern art. It is not my purpose to write of the collections which are extensive—I shall only write of the dining room, which has as its decoration oak panelling around the room. Above the panel, which is about as high as a tall man can reach, there runs a painted frieze about two feet high by Paul Burlin. Although the work is not definitely cubistic, Burlin has been influenced by cubist art, as was Arthur B. Davies in the room which he decorated so successfully. There is in the work of the great Florentine decorators, especially in the work of Piero Della Francesca, much which is akin to cubist masters. Paul Burlin has felt how fitted to decorative purposes it is. With a fine sense of rhythm and harmony he has woven patterns which fill the spaces admirably. The subject matter of the decorations is taken from the life of primitive man and the forms suggest the fullness and richness of that life. As decoration, Burlin's work is wholly satisfactory."

International Exhibit Prizes.

At the twentieth annual international exhibition at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, a landscape entitled "Vanishing Mist" by Ernest Lawson, of New York, was given first prize, a gold medal and $1500. The second prize, a silver medal and $1000 went to Howard Giles of New York, who offered a painting entitled "Young Woman." The "Girl with Green Hat," painted by Eugene Speicher of New York, received the third prize, a bronze medal and $500. Honorable mention was made of the following paintings: "A Spring Evening" by R. J. E. Mooney of London, "The Ruined Castle" by Sidney Lee of London, and "The Old Fisherman" by Ross E. Moffatt of Provincetown, Mass.



TAOS PYRAMID

By F. I. Sacha

GIFTS, BEQUESTS, PRIZES

Award of Science Medals.

At the annual dinner of the National Academy of Sciences the followind medals were presented: To Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary Smithsonian Institution, the Mary Clark Thompson medal for distinguished achievement in Paleontology. To Albert the First, Prince of Monaco, the Alexander Agassiz gold medal. To Dr. P. Zeeman the Henry Draper gold medal. To Rear Admiral C. D. Sigsbee the Agassiz gold medal. To Dr. Robert Ridgway the Daniel Giraud Elliot gold medal. To Dr. C. W. Stiles the public welfare gold medal.

Legislative Grants.

Because of the inadequacy of the appropriation to the Bureau of Fisheries for scientific work, the noted laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass., will be closed during the summer. The legislature of New York has appropriated $1,350,000 to the College of Agriculture of Cornell Uni-

versity. The North Carolina legislature has granted the University of North Carolina $925,000 as a two years maintenance fund and $1,490,000 for permanent improvements for two years.

EXHIBITS AND CONVENTIONS

American Art in London.

A recent number of "The Living Age" speaks as follows of the exhibit of American painters in London: "The exhibition of contemporary American art at the Grafton Galleries maintained by Mrs. Harriet Payne Whitney, the sculptor, has attracted a good deal of attention in London. French influence predominates in the pictures displayed, most of the exhibiting painters having studied in Paris. Mr. Paul Burlin bases much of his art on Picasso and Mr. Maurice Sterne has accepted the teaching of the French post impressionists. British critics although admitting that the general level of technique is quite as high as it would be in a British exhibit of the same type, profess to find in it subtlety rather than strength and a want of spontaneity and real feeling which recalls the overripeness of Parisian art of the last quarter of a century. Mr. George Bellows exhibits a landscape 'Easter Sunday' and his famous 'Murder of Edith Cavell.' Although the critic of the 'London Observer' regards this as a 'capable enough piece of painting,' Claude Phillips of the Daily Telegraph' describes it as an 'elaborate piece of melodrama,' while Mr. Shane Leslie in the 'New Witness' asserts that it is 'nothing more than a highly wrought and effective Raemaker.'"

IN THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

Examination for Paleontologist.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission announces an examination for assistant curator of the National Museum at $1800.00 a year, with bonus of $240. annually. The examination will take place on June 22nd at a large number of points in the United States including Santa Fe. Both men and women may qualify and must have reached their twentieth but not their fortieth birthday. Applicants must submit their photographs and apply on a form prescribed by the Commission. They should have a fair elementary knowledge of biology, as the duties of the position consists in the preparation of fossils for the study of paleontologists.

GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

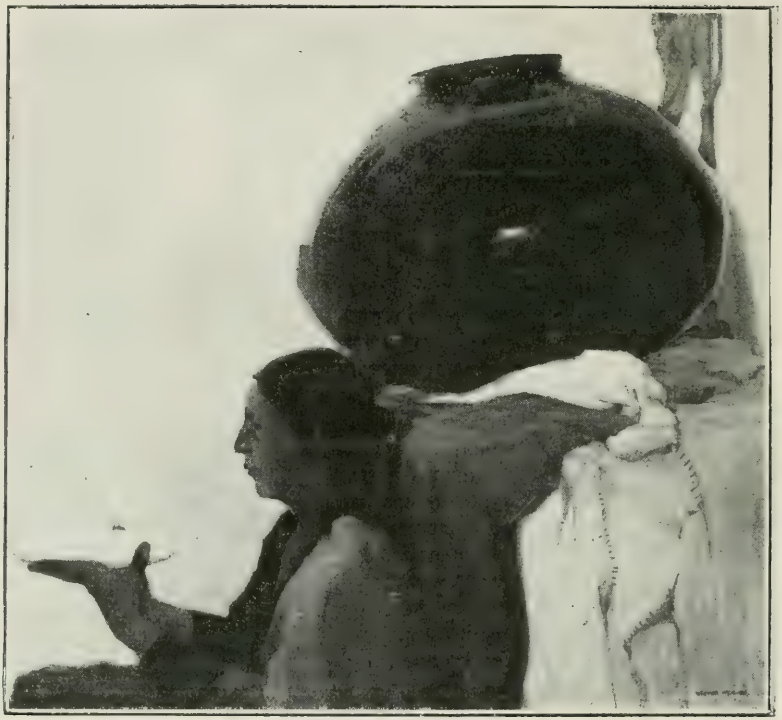
Exhibits at Rochester.

During April, according to a catalogue just received, the 38th annual exhibition of the Rochester Art Club and of paintings by Jerome Myers of the National Academy, took place in the Memorial Art Gallery of Rochester, New York, succeeding an exhibition of paintings and etchings by Haylay Lever, paintings by Leopoldo Mariotti, and etchings and lithographs by Herbert Pullinger.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

New to Musical Fame.

Claims to pre-eminence in the field of culture are often based on very peculiar foundations. The "Tampico, Mexico, Tribune" announces gleefully that "Tampico is a musical center" because a local novelty company "sold out a shipment of 500,000 phonograph needles in two weeks."



JUANITA AND THE BREAD JAR

By Victor Higgins, A. N. A.

THE SUN GOD

Rose Henderson of the New Mexico Archaeological Society in June "Everybody's."

THE gray dawn reddens, and the freshening wind
Marshalls the clouds across the mountain spires.
A light flames skyward where the mist has thinned
Like lifting smoke above old altar fires.
The canyon pines low murmur, and the hush
Of shifting sands amid dry desert grass,
The far-off chanting of the hermit thrush,
The splash of waters in the rock-strewn pass.

Then the sun's rim above the kneeling hills,
The mounting splendor and the melting blue;
The radiant whiteness of the desert fills
With glistening folds the far notched mesa view.
And gloriously the golden presence thrills
The waiting earth to ecstacy anew.

IT IS WRITTEN

"Old Time New England."

"Old Time New England," the periodical publication of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, in its latest issue has for its leading article a monograph by John Robinson of the Peabody Museum at Salem, Mass., on "Old-Time Nautical Instruments." Alexander P. Rogers contributes "Some Notes on Richard Clark, of Boston, and the Copley Portraits of His Family." The article is illustrated with an engraving reproducing the family group as on exhibit in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The rest of the number is given mainly to an account of the 11th annual meeting of the Society held in Boston and the report of the corresponding secretary on the manifold activities of the Society in preserving the historic land marks of New England.

"Asia" for June.

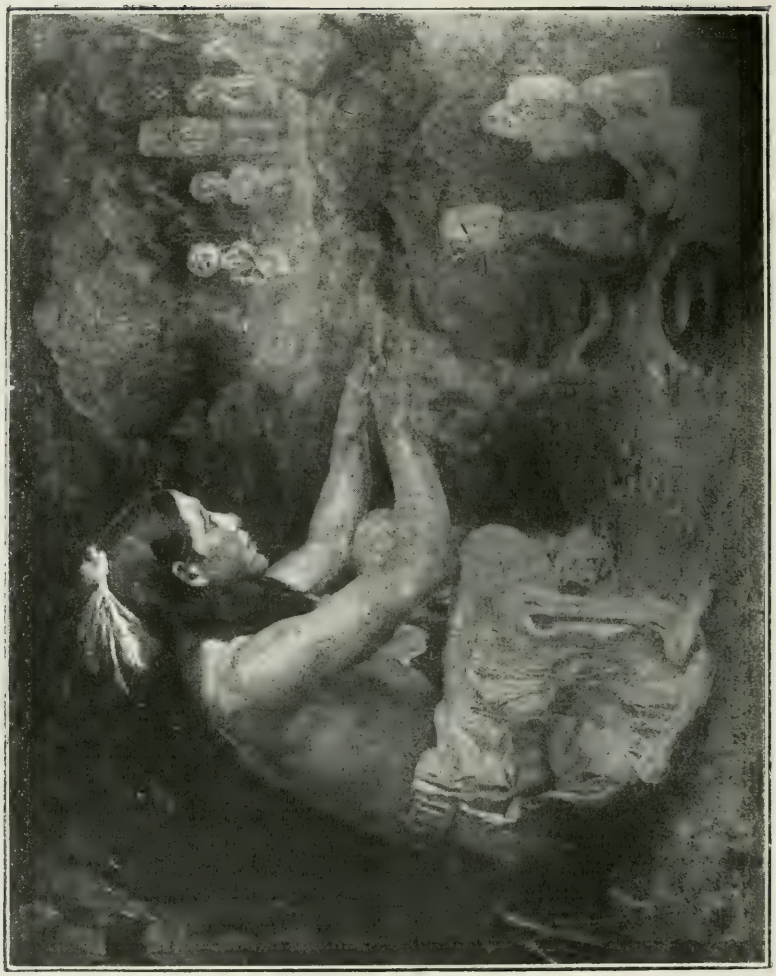
"Asia" for June is given mostly to China and Korea, although L. Adams Beck contributes "Java—and Her Story," and C. E. Andrews furnishes the translation of five Berber songs. The duotone inserts, more beautiful than ever, and eight in number, are entitled "Every Day Koreans." The photographs from which they are taken are superb. Among the more striking titles are: "My Chinese Marriage," "Up a Tree in the Jungle," "Saving China," "Pilgrim Pass in the Lama Country," "Shoes of Asia," "Long Shots from the Mala Kula Bush," "Taming the Yellow River," and "On the Famine Front in Shantung," all of them beautifully illustrated.

"Sea-Lilies and Feather-Stars."

"Sea-Lilies and Feather-Stars," with 16 plates, by Austin H. Clark, has just been issued by the Smithsonian Institution and treats of these modern representatives of the crinoidea. Says the author in his preface: "Their delicate, distinctive, and beautiful form, their rarity in collections, and the abundance of similiar types as fossils in the rocks combined to set the recent crinoids quite apart from the other creatures of the sea and to cause them to be generally regarded as among the greatest curiosities of the animal kingdom. They have usually been considered as the rare, curious and decadent remnants of an interesting animal type once important but now trembling on the verge of extinction, and it is from this melancholy viewpoint that they are discussed in practically all the text-books. The discoveries of the last few years have shown that living crinoids far from being rare or few in numbers, are abundant both as individuals and species, and that in all localities where the somewhat exacting conditions under which they can exist are met they occur, sometimes in enormous numbers." The author says that there are at present 576 described species of crinoids, of which 500 species belong to the unstalked species. The memoir is embellished with one half-tone plate and quite a number of other plates made from drawings and covers some sixty pages.

Museum Work for May.

A double number of "Museum Work" for April-May is from press. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Dr. Frederick J. Skiff, Director of the Field Museum of Chicago for many years. In addition to Museum news notes, this issue has the following articles: "A Museum of Fine Arts in Utopia," by Huger Elliott; "The Reading Public Museum and Art Gallery," by its Director, Levi W. Mengel; "Regional Commercial and Industrial Exhibits in Museums," by Ralph L. Power, Curator of the Commercial Museum of Boston University; "Exhibition Furniture Used by the United States Department of Agriculture," by Dr. F. Lamson-Scribner, and "Cinema Microscopy Invaluable in Teaching Biology," by Charles F. Herm.



THE SHRINE OF THE RAIN GODS (35x46)

By E. Irving Couse, N. A.

(Exhibited National Academy of Design, N. Y., 1921. Purchased from Ranger Fund and allotted to Toledo, Ohio, Museum)

Pennsylvania Museum Journal.

The Museum Journal, published quarterly by the University Museum of Philadelphia, and devoted to art and science, has just issued its first number for the current year. Its 80 pages are printed on heavy plated paper and it is beautifully illustrated in color and in half-tone. Among the more notable articles are the following: "A Book of Tapa," the article being illustrated with samples cut from specimens of the bark cloth collected by Cook, the Australian explorer; "The Use of Metals in Prehistoric America," which is also illustrated with a color plate and half-tone; "A Golden Hoard from Ecuador," descriptive of the fine collection of prehistoric American Indian gold objects from the South American republic, installed in the Pennsylvania University Museum; "The Ulua Marble Vases," illustrating and describing a group of marble vases from Honduras, and incidentally commenting

very sharply on an article by Mrs. Zelia Nuttall published in "Art and Archaeology" at the beginning of this year. A new fragment of chronology from Babylonia is reproduced from a clay tablet and deciphered.

PERSONAL MENTION

Visit of Mary Heaton Vorse.

Mary Heaton Vorse, the author of "Men and Steel," spent a week during May as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. O. Nordfeldt in Santa Fe. She spoke very enthusiastically of the Museum and its work as well as of the attractions of Santa Fe. It was her first visit to the Southwest, and she declares that she came mainly on the urging of Mr. John Sloan of the Santa Fe Art Colony and upon the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Nordfeldt. Mrs. Vorse is the author of a number of novels as well as of a number of short stories, the latest of which appears in the "The Woman's Home Companion" for May and June, her childhood studies in that magazine being especially attractive to many readers.

Blumenscheins in Santa Fe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Blumenschein and daughter were in Santa Fe for several days during May on their way overland in their own automobile from Denver to Taos, where they have their summer residence. Mr. Blumenschein promised to exhibit his latest paintings at the Museum this summer before sending them east.

EXHIBITS AND COLLECTIONS

Cassidy Exhibit at Boston.

Gerald Cassidy has just closed an exhibit in Boston under the auspices of Harold B. Eaton, a well known collector and dealer, as well as connoisseur in art, who recently visited Santa Fe. Mr. Cassidy sent not only his landscapes and Indian portraits, but also historical and genre paintings typical of the Southwest. Three presentations of the Penitente ceremonies as they are staged in Southern Colorado and many parts of New Mexico are especially powerful. Mr. Cassidy treats them from a historical and sympathetic standpoint and seeks to bring out that in their intent thay appeal to religious emotions for which the entire world should feel reverence.

Summer School at Woodstock.

The Art Students League of New York has sent out announcements of its summer school at Woodstock from June 15th to October 15th. The League also announces its winter term, which will open on October 3rd and close May 27th next year. On the list of instructors are again included Robert Henri and John Sloan, so well known in Santa Fe. Mr. and Mrs. Sloan expect to be in Santa Fe to take possession of their home again early in June.

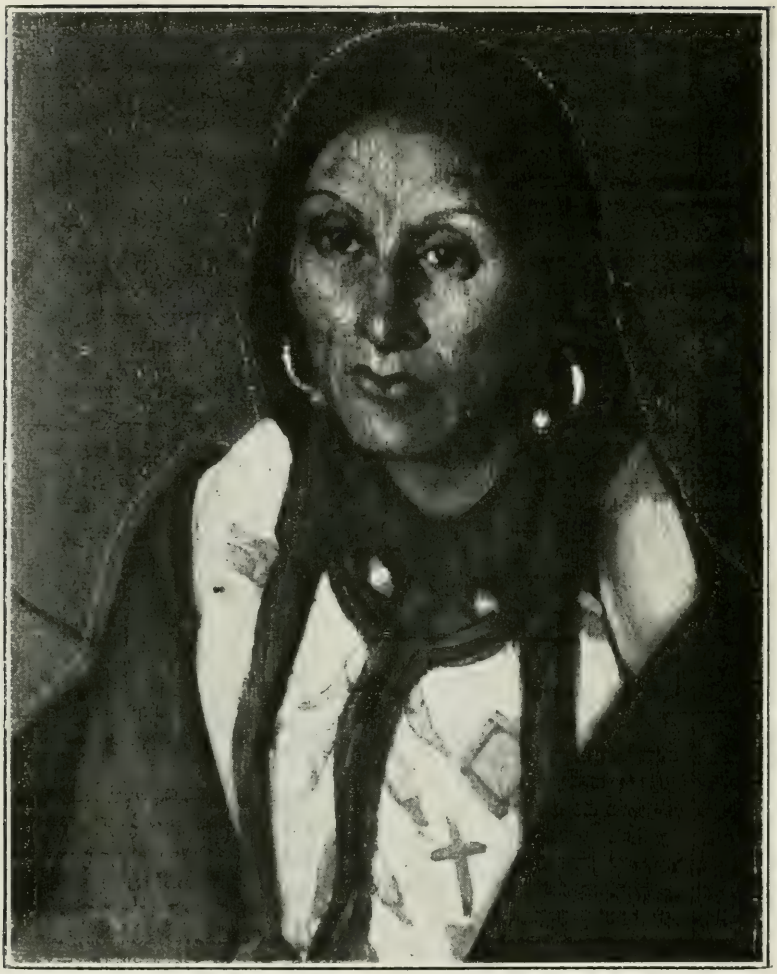
Gift to Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania State College has received as a gift from the children of the late J. Roberts Lowrie his herbarium comprising 2750 mounted varieties.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

Paintings by ndians.

"Museum Work" for May has the following note of interest to friends of the Museum of New Mexico: An interesting section at the annual exhibition of the Society of Indenpendent Artists in New York was a group of paintings by Indians representing the ceremonial dances of the Indians of the Southwest. A few of these were lent last year by the Art Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fe and were so well received that the exhibit was extended this year. The clear, simple colors and child-like diagramatic drawing were refreshing to find among the moderns. The Independents claim that these Indian paintings are the greatest art produced in America



JUAN

By Katherine Dudley

and are closely allied to their own work. This group of drawings is now on exhibit in the Museum at Santa Fe.

Rolshoven's Great Indian Painting.

"To the Land of Sip-o-Phe," the notable painting of heroic size by Julius Rolshoven of the Santa Fe-Taos Art Colonies, is on exhibit at present at John Wanamaker's in New York City. Says one critic: "The picture is superbly shown at Wanamaker's. Hundreds stand before the picture in silence and not passing by as is generally the case with art exhibits." Wanamakers had printed an attractive folder explaining the theme of the painting, which was first exhibited in the Museum of New Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Rolshoven, who have been away the past year and more, spending most of their time in their villa at Florence, Italy, are at present in New York City and are expected in Santa Fe this summer.

STILL LIFE

COLD clear dawn on a world that wakes from huddled sleep—
A wide window sill lifted twelve inches to let in the day,
Six feet from my pillow at six; white sky, shadow cultures below
In a long oblong microscope slide that daybreak slowly focusses.

Static immensities emerge through the long blue profile of the main range,
Sloping slowly to the right in a sky line that sings and cannot cease.
Blue gray valleys of shadow and snow beyond grow more beautiful.
Below the low brown adobes flatten frosted roofs in parallel planes.

Leafless trees stenciled on the sky line lift to the levels of a massive of moulded mountain tops,
Forming a net work for fancy that waits for birds winging back, singing spring
Nests growing warm, living leaves of emerald cells netting together in new blue April weather.
Those frozen fringes sway ever so little, as a cool breeze starts to eddy and stir.
One black bird, drifting down dawn, lights on a bare bough; and the sap stirs underneath.

John Curtis Underwood. Santa Fe. 4-16-21

IT IS WRITTEN

Histories of Mexico.

Two publications of entirely different character, but both relating to the history of Mexico, have come to the desk of "El Palacio." One is a monograph by Paul Radin, for several years a resident of Santa Fe, but of late on the staff of the University of California, and is entitled "The Sources and Authenticity of the History of the Ancient Mexicans." The other is by Dr. Herbert I. Priestly, also of the University of California, and is entitled "Modern Mexican History." The latter is Syllabus No. VI of the International Relations Clubs and gives a comprehensive bibliography as well as study outline of Mexican history since the Spanish conquest. The Syllabus is divided into ten sections with the following titles: "The Territory of Mexico and the People," "The Spanish Colonial Regime, 1519 1810," "The War of Independence, 1810–21," "The War of the Reform and the French Intervention, 1857–67," "The Presidency of Porfirio Diaz, 1876–1910," "The Revolution under Madero, 1910–1913," "Huerta and the United States, 1913–1914," "The Government of Carranza, 1914–1920," "The Petroleum Controversy," and finally, "The Problem of the Land." Mr. Radin's monograph is more comprehensive and exhaustive, covering as it does 150 printed pages, with an appendix of plates and charts relating to the ancient history of Mexico. The author says: "Two types of sources for the history of the ancient Mexicans exist: the actual old Indian codices, of which there are but a few extant, and the works of Christianized Indians and Spaniards." He then proceeds to describe the old Mexicans, dealing with aspects of the ancient culture. He quotes from them at considerable length, in fact such as the Codex Ramirez giving an account of the origin of the Indians who in-

EL RITO

By W. E. Murk

habited New Spain and also some of the old legends forming part of their mythology. In summing up, the writer says: "The evidence at our disposal speaks against any fundamental change in the form of the government having taken place toward the end of the fourteenth century, but suggests the possibility that the victory against Culhuacan may have enhanced both the importance and the authority of the chief; especially as regards his war powers." He further says: "The vast majority of the features of Aztec culture grew up and developed to maturity some 50 to 100 years before Montezuma's time. There is, however, one change universally ascribed to Montezuma which it seems justifiable to accept as his—namely, the definite change of the ruler from an elected chief to what seems, to all intents and purposes, a king. To Montezuma is definitely ascribed, by all our sources, the dismissal from his immediate entourage of all servants and followers who were not of 'noble' birth. The sources also make it quite plain that Montezuma was here breaking with custom and the accepted order of things."

Anthropometry by Hrdlicka.

The Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology has published "Anthropometry" by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, who is one of the Regents of the School of American Research and who is undoubtedly the most experienced and competent investigator in physical anthropology. As all of his work, this monograph of 163 pages, is thorough and scholarly and to the student in his field it should prove invaluable. Says "Science:" "The greatest value of this work on anthropometry lies in the fact that it represents the perfected methods of one of the most skilled and best

qualified practitioners of the science. Experts may differ as to the value of this or that measurement, or may prefer their own technique in individual cases, but this book is in general reliable and conclusive."

American Anthropologist.

The latest number of the "American Anthropologist" gives the place of prominence to Warren K. Moorehead's "Recent Explorations in Northwestern Texas." Other contributions are "Notes on Shell Implements from Florida," by Clarence B. Moore, "Words for Tobacco in American Indian Languages," by Roland B. Dixon, and "Notes on the Stone Age People of Japan," by H. Matsumoto. This number contains the minutes of the American Anthropological Association meeting at Philadelphia. Book reviews and discussion and correspondence make up the rest of the issue.

GIFTS, GRANTS, HONORS

Hecksher Research Grants.

The Hecksher Research Council has announced its first series of grants totaling $20,725 to assist research workers in their investigations. The consideration of all requests for grants in aid of publication has been postponed for the time being.

Agassiz Gold Medals.

The Alexander Agassiz gold medal was formally presented to Prince Albert of Monaco in recognition of his promotion of oceanographical research. The presentation was made at the annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences followed by a reception in the U. S. National Museum.

Royal Geographical Medals.

The Royal medals of the Royal Geographical Society have been awarded as follows; Founder's medal to Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson; the Patron's medal to General Bourgeois; the Murchison grant to Commandant Maury; the Bach grant to Miss Marian Newbigin; the Cuthbert Peek grant to Captain J. B. L. Noel, and the Gill memorial to Lieutenant Colonel M. N. MacLeod.

Funds for Albany College.

A maintenance fund of $30,000 a year has been assured to Albany Medical College if a similar amount is raised by friends of the institution.

Liberal Grants by Canada.

The Ontario government has made grants as follows: University of Toronto, $900,000; Queen's at Kingston, $325,000; the Western at London, $200,000.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

Indian Basketry Exhibit.

An exhibit of American Indian basketry has been permanently installed in the University of Pennsylvania Museum, being given an entire room in the east wing of the first floor.

Pupils at Museum Lectures.

14,000 pupils of the Philadelphia schools reserved seats for a course of illustrated lectures at the Pennsylvania University Museum which began on March 16th.

Gift to Museum at Reading.

A collection of paintings valued at $50,000 has been presented to the Public Museum of Reading, Pennsylvania, by Mrs. William Lyttleton Savage of Philadelphia. There are 60 paintings in the exhibit. Many of them are fine specimens of the Barbizon School, although the Dusseldorf and other schools are also represented. The gift is a memorial to the parents of the donor.

Named Paleobotanist.

The New York Botanical Garden has established the position of paleobotanist and Mr. Arthur Hollick has been appointed to fill the place. He will assume his duties on July first.

GOD'S COUNTRY

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

IT is a country so vast, so vacant, so austere, so impersonal, that at first sight its whole power and beauty seem to be a denial of the power and significance of man. Stark shapes and crude colors of naked rock, lifted, strata on strata into the stark sky; rolling height of mesas, nobly leveled above the deep valleys and below the snow peaks; yellow nearness and roundness of foothills and lomas, spotted and tufted with velvet-green pinyon and cedar—this is what matters. This, and the blue flight of a jay across golden desert spaces, the fierce bite of the wind on the divide, the splash of the stream in the arroya as your horse plunges through. The air is so clear and dry and brilliant that it seems like light; the light so fresh, so vivid, so everchanging that it seems like air: they blend into a common element in which you are purged of all human concerns.

The road you follow is no more than a curving shadow, brown, gray, or red that vanishes in the gray of sage brush and chamiso; or a narrow trail cut in the solid stone which the muddy Rio Grande, far below, coiling and turning through the ages, has hollowed into a canyon. Soon you learn to leave even the trails, heading your horse straight through cactus and pinyon, straight up and down broken, barren ridges, which no man, you imagine, has ever explored before. And when, from the foothills of the Sangre de Cristos you look down on Santa Fe, "the oldest city in the United States," with its legislative chambers, its archaeological museum, its literary and artistic circles, you see only a tiny cluster of roofs and chimneys; a wreath of smoke which your eye discards to follow the mesa, wide and purple as the southern sea. The mesa with strange, solitary mountains like dark volcanic islands swimming on its surface, and snowy ridges melting into the interminable sky.

But man will not let you alone, even here. There are only 400,000 human beings in all the 122,000 square miles of New Mexico. Yet they soon project themselves into the picture. Straight through the valleys, along the lower spurs of the mountains, the "American" has built his railroads. His schools, prisons, churches, stores, ranch houses, garages, though somewhat in the local adobe tradition, are, like his "state roads," conspicuous for a certain hardness and modernity. And he, too, is conspicuous as he lopes along, tall and lanky and very confident under his sombrero, or whizzes by in his Buick or his Ford. In the sheltered canyons that stretch down like so many fingers from the snow peaks the "Mexican" —so called, though he has inhabited the land for several hundred years and knows as little of old Mexico as you or I—has hidden his little ranches: neat rows of fruit trees, surrounding flat-roofed adobe houses, colored red or gray like the soil, scarcely distinguished from it but for an indigo-blue window frame, or a bunch of red peppers strung on the wall. The dress and manners of the Mexican, unobtrusive like his house, have the same dash of Latin color. He greets you with a smiling "buenos dias" as he jogs along on his burro, and draws his broad beamed white-topped wagon—where his wife sits besides him under a black shawl elegantly draped—upon an angle of the hill to let you pass. On the roads, too, you may meet a wagon-load of Indians: men with brown, bitten Mongolian faces square-built, remote in their blankets, greeting you with silent dignity. The

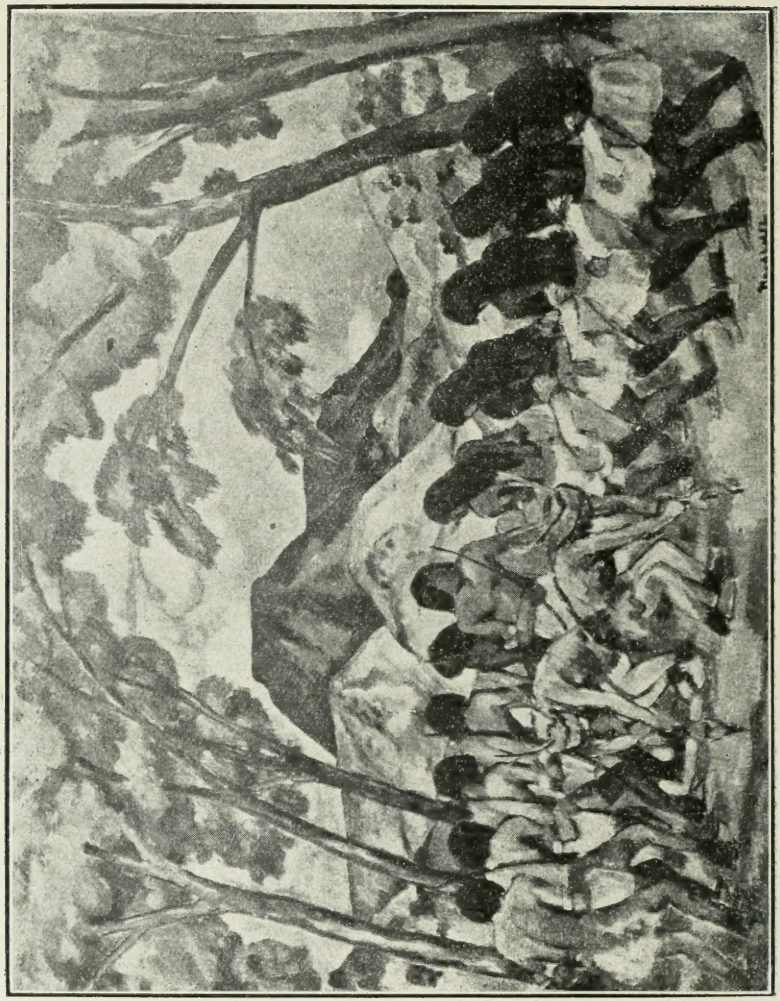
Indian's adobe pueblo, thronged and humming with busy life—whether it be spread out, pastoral-fashion, or piled on square like a child's block house—always occupies an admirable site. Close against the mountains or in some specially protected and fertile stretch of valley he built it, long before Spaniard or American passed this way. His ancestors, he says, were obliged for lack of water to come down from the cliffs. But he has never forgotten his lineal descent from the ancient people whose deserted homes hollowed in the soft yellow stone on the southern face of the mountains still, from on high, command this incomparable land.

Sitting against the hot wall of such a lonely cliffhouse the other day—a house still plastered and colored within, smoked by a fire extinguished thousands of years ago and littered with fragments of pottery more delicately patterned than any that the Pueblos now produce—we were stirred by the persistence of that queer, traditional, changing thing called human civilization. On the face of the giant country spread below us, which bares its geologic bones so dramatically, we could distinguish the scars made by the patient hand of man as clearly as those blazoned by dead seas and extinct volcanoes: three "civilizations" as sharply differentiated as the strata of the rocky canyon walls. For the newest state in the Union is by a strange paradox, built on the two oldest cultures of the American continent; and by another paradox, these cultures are still almost intact, though they have existed side by side for three centuries and have been incorporated in our republic for seventy five years. Neither the Spanish-Catholic veneer that he acquired in the sixteenth century nor the fumbling "education" supplied by our goverment since 1846, has fundamentally touched the ancient tribal rites and communal government of the Pueblo Indian; and he has guarded like so much treasure the great tracts of land granted him by the Spaniards and confirmed by the Treaty of Guadalupe. The Spanish-speaking population, with the exception of a limited number of families of pure blood and dominating instincts, who claim descent from the Conquistadors, has retained not only the Spanish tongue but many of the habits, customs and religious ceremonies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and also, to a certain degree, the psychology of a peasant class. As for the pale-skinned New Mexican he is still, in a sense, the pioneer of the Santa Fe trail; still, in the presence of these far more ancient inhabitants of the land, the conqueror, the "white man," the "American."

Beside us, basking in the sun against the cliff, sat one of the wisest of the ancients, an Indian with a Spanish name (baptized by the priest in infancy, like his fellows), who wore his hair tied in beaver skins on either side of a sad benignant old face. The excavations were on his tribal land. He had assisted in them and had guided us here from his "governor's" office in the pueblo in the valley. Before we left there he had showed us, hanging on the wall, two ebony silver-handled canes which marked his due succession; one presented by an early Spanish potentate, the other—which gave us pause—bearing the inscription: "Abraham Lincoln to——, 1863." The old man seemed to be thinking anxious thoughts as he gazed down into the canyon, where the northern shadow of every black pine was a sparkling patch of snow. His eyes were drawn up into two points like a worried setter dog's.

"Senor," we said, "tell us a legend of your people."

"Bueno," he answered doubtfully. Finally he began to speak, tracing lines in the dry earth with one crooked old finger. But the "legend" resolved itself into a sort of dirge, and the burden of the dirge was that the day of proud isolation for the Pueblo Indians was coming to an end. The young men were refusing to obey the governor, evading their appointed duties, carrying disputes into the Amer-



THE ANTELOPE DRAMA
By B. J. O. Nordfeldt
(Property of the Museum of New Mexico)

ican courts instead of to the Council of Elders. Many, many deaths from influenza. Land passing somehow into Mexican hands. "If this go on, pretty soon the Indian, he have nothing left—I not know what the Indian, he going to do."

There is an old Mexican with a skin like seared parchment in a certain brown village who feels in his bones the same chill of approaching change. Don Pancho's greatgrandchildren are obliged by the new law to go to school. Don Pancho's son-in-law may be ousted from his ancestral acres if a suit brought by the Indians establishes their more antique claim. Don Pancho prefers "Americanos" to Indians though it was an Americano who seized his own ranch years ago. He borrowed fifty dollars on it for funeral expenses when his wife died, and the American claimed it at the end of thirty days. Pancho is nevertheless a patriot, eager to display, in his daughter's best room, a crayon portrait and two colored

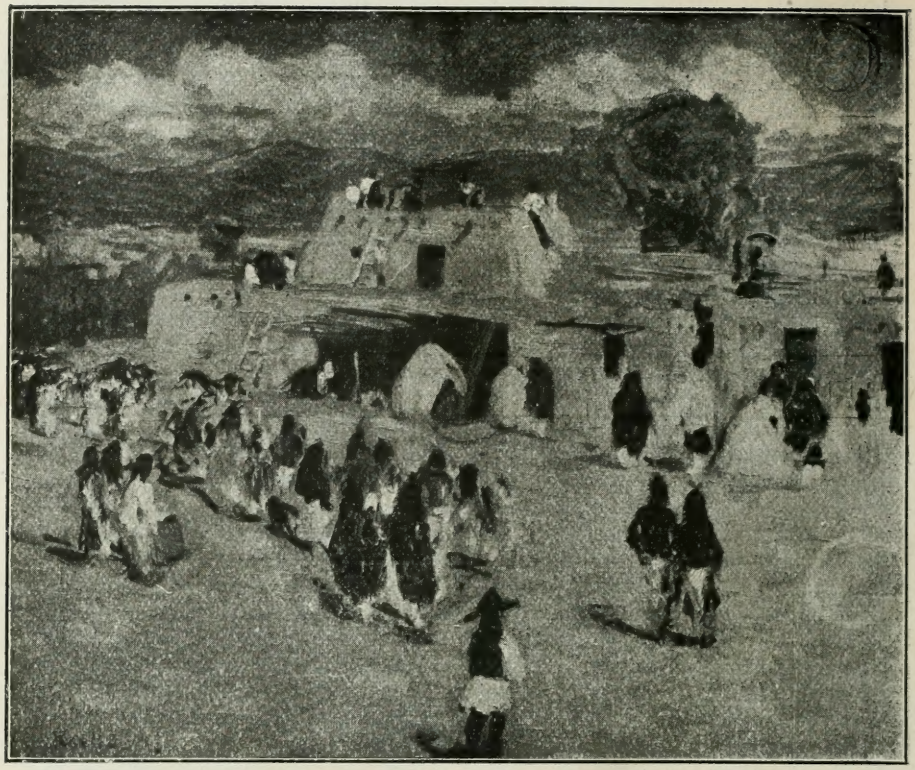
photographs of his grandson who fought in France. (His daughter abuses her Mexican neighbors, who have allowed a burro to break into her corral, in these terms: "Es una familia de Alemanes.") The grandson is a rather mystical unintelligent face, like those of the young fellows whom we saw on the edge of the desert, in the cold dawn of Good Friday flagellating themselves and dragging heavy crosses on their bared and bloody backs. Probably Juan is a Penitente, too. But Nita, the granddaughter, is a school-teacher, getting a salary an Eastern district-school teacher might envy, and taking a normal course every summer. We found a pretty Spanish-American girl just like her in a lost mountain village, instructing twelve children, ("in English but we translate") for $85 a month, and expecting a raise, though she spent only $15.00 on board and lodging. She does not "teach religion till after four o'clock."

The newcomers of Anglo-Saxon descent occasionally will sell you wonderful oil shares for ten cents apiece, nowadays and frankly covet the Indian's alluvial lands—"the government ought to allow 'em four acres each and sell the rest" —which he claims the Pueblos are too "unprogressive" to exploit; adding, in the same breath, that it is a pity we couldn't have seen the war dance last year, when they were all naked and painted. "Now some darned modern teacher has put em into store shirts."

Thus during six weeks, the Easterner wanders from cliff dwelling to state capital, listening to voices American, Spanish-American and Indian-American—pausing at the door of the lawyer who considers the Pueblo a child and a government ward to eternity; at the ranch of the ex-Indian teacher who would educate him in the public schools, and grant him citizenship at once; at the studio of the artist from Chicago who for esthetic and cultural reasons would keep the Indian and the Mexican as they are; at the offices of the new women's political organizations which stand for "Americanization," even at the expense of black shawls and red blankets—from all this deriving a strong impression that, for better or worse, the era of "stratified" civilizations is coming to an end, and the era of the "melting pot" beginning. Though there are, even today, less than four inhabitants to a square mile the three races are beginning to tread on one another's toes, and, with the growth of prosperity and state consciousness, with suffrage and compulsory education, and the breakdown of language barriers, have got to learn to live together instead of apart.

The Easterner, who has seen the ugly conglomerate produced by the "melting pot" in other parts of the country, has the temerity to suggest that New Mexico has a unique opportunity to assimilate without destroying the stored wisdom and individuality and artistic technique of the two ancient cultures. Here, if anywhere on American soil, it should be possible to conserve the heritage of the past without limiting the promise of the future. There is a charm in the Southwestern air which liberates men from oppressive traditions as it liberates them from the fears and inhibitions and sicknesses and jealousies that burden them in narrower places. The "dolce far niente" territorial regime had this of good, that it leaves the new state government free to form its own traditions—free even of the theory that teachers must be badly paid. Vast undeveloped resources, both mineral and agricultural, land enough for everyone to have a comfortable slice, high wage standards, simple standards of living which minimize social distinctions—almost every New Mexican has a horse as well as a ranch and the woman who has lived eleven years in Paris works as hard at her plowing as her humblest neighbor—here are some of the conditions of an ideal community.

When a bird or an animal dies in the desert it does not decay. It slowly dessicates. Perhaps the hoary civilizations of this infant state, especially the Indian, are doomed to some such gradual dessi-



AT SANTA CLARA

By Grace Ravlin

cation in the hot sun of progress. If they ever reach the point of being only dried bones to amuse the tourist or even inspire the artist they will, rightly enough, be picked up and classified in the Santa Fe Museum. But at present they are full of a coursing vitality, as anyone who has seen a Mexican wedding dance or a corn dance at San Felipe on May 1 can testify. The New Mexican of all three inheritances should be the richer for them. He is a very lucky fellow. Where else in the world, within easy reach of farm, city and university, can the average citizen watch, on dusty plazas whose beauty is a sort of composite of Greece and Egypt and Palestine, against mountains Gaugin should have painted, dances whose rhythms and colors and symbols are as old as the cliffs and the spring, yet as modern as the Russian ballet? Where else in the world is it possible to distinguish so clearly the relative importance of folk lore, alfalfa and oil wells? If the New Mexican ever loses his sense of proportion he has only to gallop half a mile into the hills to measure his petty affairs against the giant indifference of nature; to learn, in the silence of the scarred earth he is ranging, the primitive and savage meaning of Sun, Wind, Rock, Bird, Tree, River, Mountain, Plain.